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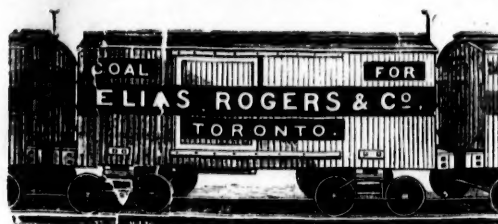
BEING
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1885.

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In the Great Fire on the Esplanade, Toronto, August 3rd, 1885.

OFFICE OF TORONTO SUGAR AND SYRUP REFINERY,

Toronto, 14th August, 1885.

MESSES. J. & J. TAYLOR, Toronto Safe Works, City.

GENTS.—On the morning of Monday, August 3rd, in the great conflagration that threatened to destroy our entire city front, the hottest and most prolonged portion of the fire was centered in our large glucose sugar refinery, foot of Princess street. We had at the time our books in one of your fire-proof safes; and we feel it only justice to you to inform you of the satisfactory manner in which it preserved its contents. The immense amount of large timber and brick in this eight storey building, together with the combustible nature of its contents, when fanned by the gale then blowing, made the place like a blast furnace in its fury. None who saw the fire in its full force would imagine anything could resist its consuming power. Yet we are thankful to say we found your safe preserved its contents entire, which reflects great credit to your already well-earned reputation.

Yours truly,

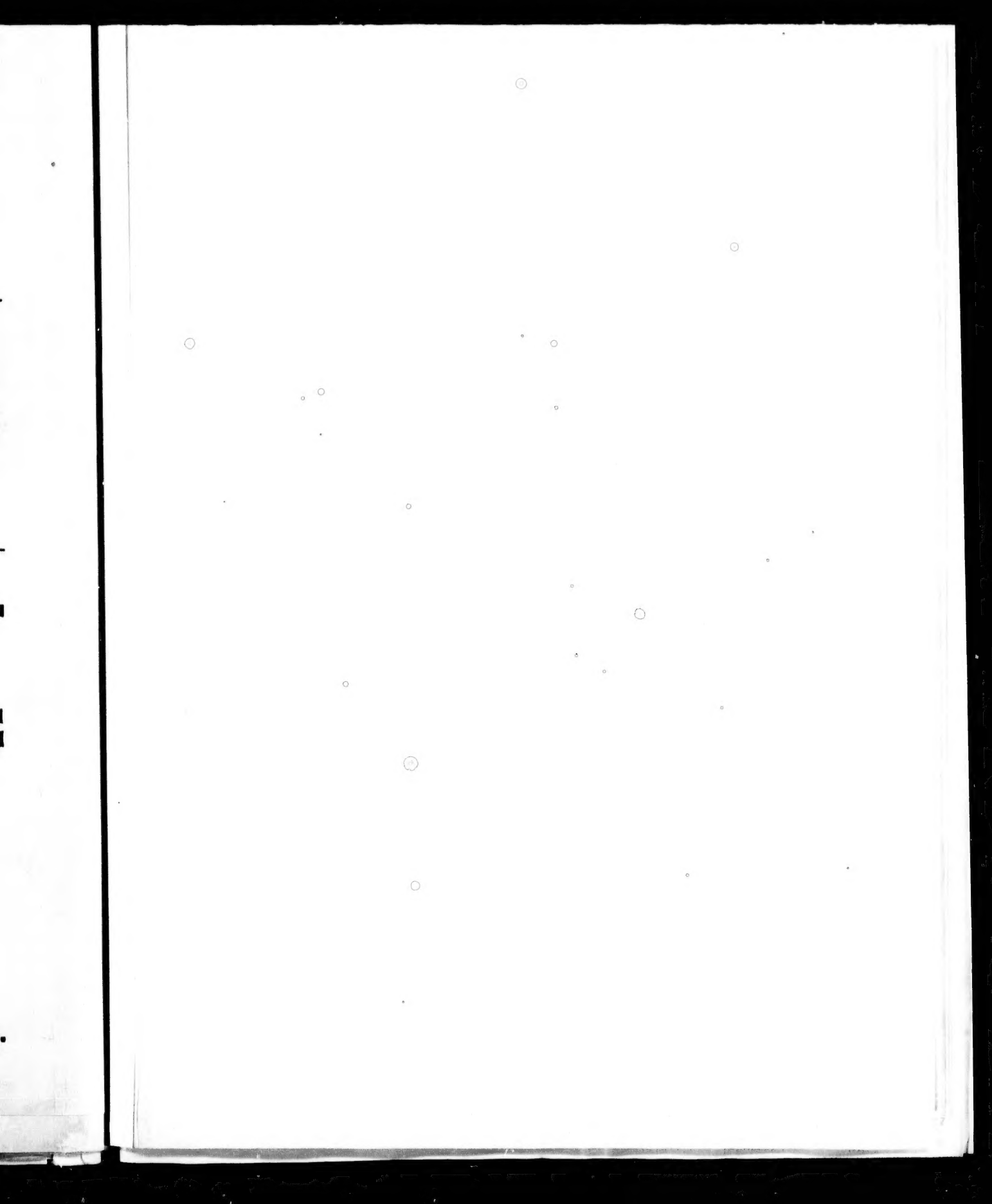
TORONTO SUGAR AND SYRUP REFINERY,

by ROBERT W. SUTHERLAND, Secretary.

J. & J. TAYLOR,

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Toronto Safe Works.



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1 Lt Col MILLER, 2ND BATT G.B.R. 8 LIEUT HOWARD, GATLING BATTERY.
 2 Lt Col DENISON, 1ST BATT G.B.R. 9 Supt. CROZIER, N.W.M.P.
 3 Lt Col VAN STRAUBENSIE, D.A.G. 10 Lt Col OUMET, MP 65TH BATT. RIFLES.
 4 MAJOR JARVIS, WINNIPEG F.B. 11 Lt Col. DEACON, 45TH BATT. INFANTRY.
 5 MAJOR McKEAND, 20TH BATT. RIFLES. 12 Lt Col. MONTGOMERY, CANADIAN ARTILLERY.
 6 Lt Col. O'BRIEN, M.P. 35TH BATT. INFANTRY. 13 Lt Col. OTTER, CAMP SCHOOL OF SHOOTING, TORONTO.
 7 Lt Col WILLIAMS, M.P. 46TH BATT. INFANTRY 14 MAJOR GEN. STRANGE, R.A.

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON

ADJUTANT-GENERAL WALKER POWELL, AND VARIOUS COMMANDING



GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.,
VARIOUS COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE

1. LT. COL. DOULTON, N.W. Mounted Infantry. 21. COLONEL WILSON POWELL, Mounted Infantry.
 12. LT. COL. GRASSETT, 10th BATT. R.G. 22. LT. COL. SCOTT, 9th BATT. INFANTRY.
 13. MAJOR GEN. MIDDLETON, C.B. 23. LT. COL. HAUGHTON, I.A.G.
 14. CAPTAIN WISE, A.D.C. 24. LT. COL. IRVING, COMMANDER N.W.M.P.
 15. CAPTAIN DOUCET, A.D.C. 25. LT. COL. LORD MELSUNG, CHIEF OF STAFF.
 16. LT. COL. TYRWHITT, M.P. 25th BATT. INFANTRY. 26. CAPTAIN TODD, C.C.F.G.
 27. LT. COL. OSWALD, MONTREAL R.A.



JOHN PRITCHARD GUARDING THE CAPTIVE LADIES, MRS. GOWANLOCK AND MRS. DELANY. [See page 39.]



THE QUEEN'S OWN AT OUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 39.]

(1) PTE. (NOW CHAPLAIN) G. E. LLOYD COVERING PTE. E. C. ACHESON'S ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF THE LATE PTE. DOBBS, BATTLEFORD VOLUNTEER RIFLES. (2) PORTRAIT OF THE REV. G. E. LLOYD, CHAPLAIN TO THE 2ND BATTALION, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON.

The Canadian Pictorial & Illustrated News.

PART II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29th AUGUST, 1885.

RETROSPECT.

At the end of Part I. of this History, it will be remembered we had left Colonel Otter marching towards Battleford, General Strange nearing Edmonton, General Middleton waiting at Fish Creek, and had followed the *Northeast* through the greater part of her journey from Medicine Hat, towards the General's headquarters. We will here pick up the thread of the narrative by following the fortunes of

COL. OTTER'S COLUMN.

The trail distances from Swift Current to Battleford are as follows:—

Swift Current.....	6.0
Marshy Lake.....	10.8
March.....	21.9
Small creek in Saskatchewan valley.....	31.2
Another small creek.....	31.6
Saskatchewan river, south bank.....	32.3
Saskatchewan river, north bank.....	32.5
Top of hill, north side.....	34.3
First water from river.....	39.7
Last water, southern edge of dry plains.....	50.2
Great valley of Devil's Lake (no water).....	58.3
Large swamp (first water).....	66.8
Small creek.....	100.9
Another small creek.....	110.1
Cross old trail.....	110.6
Marshy creek.....	112.5
Eagle Hill creek.....	112.8
Beginning of bluffs.....	120.3
End of bluffs.....	142.8
Valley of alkaline lakes.....	150.1
Beginning of woods on Eagle Hills.....	185.4
Battleford.....	200.0

The march was magnificently accomplished. On the evening of the 23rd of April, Colonel Herchmer arrived within three miles of the fort, driving before him the besieging Indians as he approached. On the following morning, early, he rode into Battleford, and was followed on the day after by Colonel Otter, with two guns, the Queen's Own Rifles, B. Battery, one Gatling gun, and part of C Company of the Infantry School. They took with them 150 teams, rations for twenty-five days, and forage for twenty days.

The inhabitants naturally hailed the arrival of the troops with unbounded joy. Battleford was now said to be perfectly safe—a consummation which had been devoutly wished for for many long weeks.

The rebels meanwhile had decamped in the direction of Poundmaker's Reserve, taking their loot with them.

Poundmaker's reserve is about thirty-five miles from Battleford on the south side of Battle river, and nearly due west. For ten or twelve miles from the village the trail leads through a partially settled country, after that there is no settlement. For the entire distance the country is rough and full of bluffs. The reserve itself is situated in one of the most fertile spots in the country and in a very picturesque location. The reserve is five or six miles square and contains many bluffs and rising hills. It is well timbered with large poplars. The trail runs through the northern part and villages are scattered through it. There would be from thirty to sixty houses and fully one hundred tepees. Poundmaker had about three hundred fighting men alone, not to mention the forces of Red Phasant, Strike-horn-on-the-back, Mosquito, Lucky-man, and Little Pine in the same locality. Their combined strength would easily reach 600 or 700 men. They are armed with every conceivable style of weapon, from the war club and bowie knife to the rifle. The probability is that they occupied every vantage point in the bluffs and fought in Indian style. Nearly all the looted stock and plunder from Battleford was stored on Poundmaker's reserve.

Colonel Otter's force consisted of the following, of whom he left about 400 to garrison Battleford.

Mounted Police, 90, commanded by Colonel Herchmer; 30th Battalion, Colonel Tyrwhit, 2 companies 80; Ottawa Sharpshooters, 40; one half of Winnipeg Field Battery, 50; Queen's Own, Toronto, 250; one half of Toronto Infantry School, 40; "B" Battery, Kingston, 120; Local Company, 40. Total force, 710 men.

Hearing that Poundmaker was holding high carnival with the plunder from settlers and storekeepers at and around a forked trail west

of Battleford, the Colonel proceeded to surprise the camp and punish the Indians, in the full expectation of cutting up and dispersing the whole band. The troops were in high spirits, in the full belief that they were to have a walk over, as it was not believed that Poundmaker had upwards of 150 braves, badly armed. The flying column, with less than two days' rations, covered about sixteen miles before touching the enemy. The firing of the rockets issued first as if from detached and distributed knots from behind scrub and knolls at considerable distances. These tactics rather disconcerted the troops during the first hour of the fight, but the Indians finally concentrated and took the defensive.

The behaviour of the volunteers after the engagement became general, was cool and intrepid, and this although they felt the overwhelming disadvantage of being exposed to a concealed enemy. About four hours after the engagement opened, a flag was suddenly raised in rear of a point near the centre of the rebel position. At first it was supposed to be a flag of truce, but the later impression is that it was a faint to create the impression that white prisoners were there endangered. Poundmaker held with him about a hundred of his own warriors strengthened by strong forces from "Sweet Grass," "Thunder Child's," and "McGinnis's" reserves, although some of these have been preferring loyalty to the Dominion. It is said that fully expected the Battleford relief column to attack Poundmaker being promised large tracts in Saskatchewan in case of victory.

Unknown to Colonel Otter the Indians had prepared for them a sort of ambush. Unfortunately, also, owing to the early hour at which the troops arrived on what was to be the scene of conflict, the scouts which preceded the main body were unable to detect this manoeuvre of the enemy's. Indeed, the first intimation which the attacking force received of the presence of the enemy was the appearance of the scouts galloping back towards the column. The first volley was delivered by the police, who, on reaching the summit of the hill, in skirmishing order, lay prone and fired at the foe. They were supported by B Battery and the Gatling gun, which reached the summit about the same time, as also did the Garrison division. The Indians meanwhile appeared in large numbers, and, undisturbed by the firing, came on irresistibly till some a hundred feet separated the combatants. This was the first occasion upon which Colonel Otter's division had been brought face to face with the enemy, and the recklessness of the latter was more than surprising. As the rebels still continued to advance, Major Short, in command of B Battery, called for volunteers for a charge. Men from the Mounted Police, the batteries, C Company, and Queen's Own promptly responded, and, with a cheer advanced at the double on their opponents. The effect was instantaneous. The conflict for a few moments was actually hand to hand, but in an incredibly short time the Indians finding the onslaught irresistible, turned their backs and made for the *coulee*, hotly pursued by a small body of our men; the remainder returned to the top of the ridge to protect our position; the Indian retreat being covered by each of them as lay under cover. This in reality was the crisis of the fight, but throughout the day the troops were occupied in keeping up a harassing fire upon the enemy. Both sides took advantage as far as possible of the cover which the locality afforded. And of this there was abundance, our position was little more than 400 yards in extent, and abundantly surrounded with scrub. The enemy was in very strong force. Their attacking line, if it may be so described, was of great length. Throughout the battle they indulged in a variety of manoeuvres, moving from place to place as opportunity afforded; and, in some instances, they resorted to a great extent, their movements from the eminence on which he had taken up his position.

During the first hour the battle raged hottest in front. Dummees were constantly exposed by the Indians to draw our fire, after which they would pour in a volley, and after wild shouts of derision, at the same time charging in force on our advanced lines. Lieutenant Pollock of Quebec, while repelling one of these charges from the top of the left flank, fell. During the fight the ambulance corps were everywhere, looking after the killed and wounded, the men constantly attracting the rebel fire. Scout Ross, with C Company, portion of the Battleford men and the Queen's Own, succeeded in clearing the *coulee* on the right after four hours' hard work. The left flank, except at the top, was then occupied by the remaining wings of the Battleford volunteers, the Queen's Own

and the Guard's sharpshooters. During the fight, the Indian boys who were too young to handle a gun, used arrows.

At length the guns, which had done admirable service, were ordered to retire. They had fired an enormous number of rounds, and with this important part of the force useless, it was considered that a further renewal of fighting at close quarters would be rash. At a quarter to one, therefore, the order to withdraw was given. The dead and wounded were secured, and the troops crossed the creek and set their faces towards Battleford, being protected in the rear by skirmishers in adequate lines, slowly retreating and keeping the enemy at a distance by constant firing. The enemy harassed the retreat as much as lay in their power, but by means of the Gatling gun and the seven-pounder they were driven off, the column meanwhile retiring in an orderly manner towards Battleford. About further incident. The news of this battle created everywhere intense excitement. The interruption of telegraphic communication by Battleford, and the difficulty experienced in receiving despatches giving details of the fight, only added to the uneasy feeling which on all sides was aroused. The Indians, it was known, fought with the utmost coolness and intrepidity, and it was feared that the list of killed and wounded which was first received would, ere set upon the foe in the morning when the engagement began.

The clouds had cleared almost entirely from the sky when the moon began to peep over the horizon. But it had grown chilly and the trees were kept blazing brightly for the warmth they gave. At half past eleven the teams were all harnessed and shortly afterwards strung out in a long column, winding at a quick walk over the trail to Poundmaker's. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible in the wagons, but the rugged nature of the trail made any attempt at sleep futile. The scouts still kept well to their work, for the moon, just beginning to wane in a clear sky, rendered it almost as bright as day, and the large number of the men, in order to keep themselves warm, walked aloft in the wagons during the night.

The trail was running through a more open country, at intervals there being some long stretches of flat, grass-covered land with only here and there a clump of red willow. The glow in the east was observable long before the advance started to the sun any intention of rising. At length it rose really, and just as it tipped the horizon we came upon the hollow where the Indians had been encamped, according to the reports of our scouts, three days previously. The place gave every indication of having been very recently vacated, and it was only by signs that, bearing in mind the fact, they had "skinned out" (to use a familiar expression here) of that portion of the country. There was strong disappointment expressed, for the boys were spoiling for a fight.

"The column advanced through this hollow, and the trail then led through a deep gully, several hundred yards wide, densely wooded with poplar and willow underbrush, through which the Cut Knife Creek wound its tortuous course. The Creek is probably eight or ten yards wide, two and a half feet deep, with a swift current. Into this gully the column passed without hesitation. We knew we were in the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and might expect to come in view of them at any moment. That was just what we wanted. There was not long to wait. Immediately that we got into the gully we could see to the left, on the slope of one of the high rolling hills that led up from the gully, two or three dense herds of cattle calmly grazing. The Indians were known to have driven away some hundreds of them from the settlers, and it was even thought that in the haste of their flight they had left those we saw behind. The column as it went through the winding path in the gully was somewhat straggling."

"The scouts went along considerably in advance up a long, but not precipitous incline, which carried the trail to the head of the Cut Knife Hill, on the opposite side. While passing through the gully a glimpse could be got of the tops of the Indians' tepees or wigwags on the summit of a high hill, removed a considerable distance to the left. There was now no doubt about the presence of the Indians, and the word went along the column, "There they are."

"One or two mounted Indians also now could be seen on the top of a hill to the right of the creek which we had crossed is called by the Indians Cut Knife Creek, and the hill upon which we made our stand, Cut Knife Hill, in commemoration of the defeat by the Cree of

few minutes the intervening woods shut out the sight of the camp ground. Rain was falling, but the sky soon cleared. The trail ran through an uneven country, with high hills covered densely with poplar and underbrush on the left and the river on the right in a north-westerly direction. It was just such a tract as the Indian delights most to fight in. Coolers or cover were crossed in English meadows, and the poplar and underbrush that grew thickly up to the trail in many places was impenetrable for any considerable distance with the eye, and in it might lurk a thousand redskins within fifty yards of us without being seen, despite all the care and sharpness of the scouts, who scoured the country, wherever it was possible, for half a mile on either side. The distance to Poundmaker's was thirty-five miles, and by seven o'clock we had made half the journey, and halted to await the rising of the moon. The teams were corralled in an open piece of ground surrounded with underbrush at a distance of probably 300 yards on all sides. Fires were lit, and the men got twenty-four hours' rations of canned corned beef, hard tack, and tea. About the first they whistled away the time till eleven o'clock, chatting about the chances of surprise to the Indians of the morning. They were all unquestionably eager for a brush with them, a fact which was plainly evidenced by the impetuosity with which they set upon the foe in the morning when the engagement began.

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On the last of May all the women were moved to Saskatoon. The cattleskins which had been made into robes, moccasins, and leggings were dried, and with them, the robes which had been made for the transportation of the women. The skins were stretched to the sides of the box of the waggon; over them the ladies were bound. The robes were made of the skins of the horses, and everything that ingenuity and skill could devise was done for the comfort of those who had so severely suffered at the hands of the rebels. On the 1st of June, Mr. Broun took charge of the wounded, and an escort of Boulton's scouts accompanied the expedition. At a slow pace they marched over the prairie, and on the 3rd of June they reached the river upon the opposite bank of the river. The rebel scouts keeping a keen watch upon the slowly moving force. At every few yards were stationed the ballistae which daily killed some of the wounded. On the 4th of June, approaching, a large body of men was espied approaching. Whether they were enemies or friends it was impossible to know. A halt was called, and the scouts were ordered to fire. The result was that the approaching force was badly discouraged.



THE BATTLE OF OUT KNIFE

(From a sketch by Lieut. B. Lyndhurst Wainwright, "J" Company)



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

E. OF OUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 25 and 39.]

Gen. B. Lyndhurst Wadmore, "1" Company, Infantry School Corps.

ed to be a party of friendly Saskatoon farmers, kindly coming out to meet them with spring wagons, fresh straw, and other luxuries for the sick. Clarke's Crossing was reached that night. Tents were pitched, beds were put up, and the wounded removed into these and into a vacant stone house, in order to obtain a comfortable night's rest. Here the scouts left them. Saskatoon was reached on the following day, and the wounded were handed over to the charge of Dr. Douglas, V. C. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people of Saskatoon. They made mattresses, vacated their best rooms, and gave up everything for the comfort of the wounded soldiers. Here they were able to obtain those little luxuries of food so necessary for the sick: eggs, milk, butter, rice, bread, tea.

Meanwhile Middleton and his men waited for the arrival of the *Northeast*. She was bringing with her two companies of the Midland Battalion, commissariat, and other supplies. Capt. Howard and the Gatling gun. The waiting was not a time of idleness; the picket duty was very heavy. They were in the enemy's country and knew not at what moment a surprise might be attempted. At last the *Northeast* arrived. She was hailed with delight and unloaded as fast as possible. Not the least of the articles she brought was food. This was a new source of delight to the troops, and a ludicrous sight it was to see the heavily loaded and spurred scouts rushing frantically amongst their reloaded comrades in pursuit of a flying ball. The band of the 90th also added to the gaiety of the camp. Every night it played, and crowds gathered to listen. The weather was fine and the mails were regular. The food, too, was slightly improved. In addition to the eternal tea and hard tack there were now to be obtained bannocks, flap jacks, apples, and anything on the whole affair had taken a turn for the better.

The rest of the force had by this time crossed over and joined Middleton's division. The camp was large, and time was spent in throwing up entrenchments, unloading and harracading the *Northeast*, experimenting with the Gatling, etc.

On the 7th of May the advance was made for Batoche. The march lay through bushy country on the Batoche trail. It was an exciting march. The enemy was supposed to be at hand, and at any moment a volley might have been poured into the advancing columns. On the afternoon of the first day the crossing was reached, and the camp pitched half a mile from Dumont's house. Here again a strong picket was posted, a night attack being expected. On the following day a long detour was made to escape the rifle pits, which it was known had been thrown on the trail in the region of Batoche. This brought them within four miles of the village. It was a beautiful country here, and there were some lovely lakes, poplar in abundance covering an undulating country, and animal and vegetable life was seen on all sides. Here and there a rebel scout was discovered watching them from a distance. The rebels were close, their stronghold was known to be at hand, and everything was made ready. Pouches were filled with cartridges and ammunition was placed ready to hand. Long halts were made while plans were developed, and slowly the column moved forward.

It was a strange and solemn sight. The scouts scouring the country in front and flank, followed by the guns and ammunition, then the ambulances, and behind them a long string of wagons stretching far into the rear.

BATOCHE.

At four o'clock in the morning the advance was sounded, and the troops advanced on the trail due west towards Batoche in the following order:

- Boulton's Scouts, 75 men.
- Gatling gun, commanded by Capt. Howard.
- Royal Grenadiers, 252, numbers one and two Companies leading.
- 90th, of Winnipeg, 275.
- Midland Battalion, 116.
- "A" Battery, two guns, 95 men.
- French's Scouts, as flankers, 30 men.
- Hospital and ammunition wagons.

This was the critical time. Here the rebellion was to be stamped out. Here the mettle of our soldiers was to be put to the test, and this was no play work, as we already know. For four days that brave band ventured forth against their foes, and the foe was no despicable one. Hundreds of rifle pits lined and crossed the trail leading to the village. Hundreds of it, not disciplined, yet fanatical, Indians had gathered here to make one last stand. For months the enemy had been busy engaged preparing for the assault. The time had come when either Middleton or Riid must gain a decisive victory.

About nine o'clock the first shot was fired. The column halted. The *Northeast*, which had been ordered to co-operate with the attacking force, was heard far in the distance attacking and being attacked. Again the column advanced and neared the field of battle. This may be described in detail.

Batoche lay on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Between it and our approaching troops was ground of a very varying character: an open field, *coulees*, ravines, thickly wooded, undulating country, very heavily covered in some parts with dense underbrush, a few knolls, much sloping ground, with here and there thick woods.

The column, it will be remembered, had left the Clarke's Crossing trail, and had made a long detour in order to escape the rebel rifle

pits. They again met this trail, less than two thousand yards from the spot where it is crossed by the Humboldt trail. At the point of meeting stood a church and school house, of which we shall hear more. Near the point at which they joined the Clarke's Crossing trail were found two small sheds, and these the enemy had already taken possession. Beyond the trail, to the left of our, or towards the ravine, were thickly wooded knolls; and near these knolls, several *coulees*, all containing rifle-pits, and all furnishing excellent shelter for the enemy. At the commencement of one of these *coulees*, about a hundred and fifty yards from the church, was found a spring of water, a source of great relief during the next four days. Past the *coulees*, further still to the left, and nearer now quickly came a large open field, affording no cover for an attacking force. The whole ground on all sides, too, was thickly filled with rifle-pits—ranging in size from such as would hold but one or two men, up to those that could accommodate twelve or sixteen. The ground to the right was equally diversified, open spaces alternating with bluffs, with depressions and heights, ascending each other. On the opposite bank of the river came wooded sloping ground, with, behind this, thick woods. The sheds first mentioned were found to be filled with half-burnt logs, and were well shelled and the encooped enemy as quickly scattered, and their shelter was soon a mass of flames. The firing now became very hot, but, without a day, the advancing force made them way swiftly over the ground towards the village of Batoche.

In the first day of the fighting about this spot, so steady and irresistible was the attack of our men, that the front line, with ease, were able to work their way—not, however, without loss. The fighting was so steady, that the front line made till the fourth and last day of the attack. Indeed, even the ammunition wagons were able to penetrate to within five yards of the church and school house.

If an opinion may be hazarded accounting for the success of the first day's attack, I should be inclined to trace it to the fact that the majority of the rebels were probably engaged in a fight at upon the steamer *Northeast*. She, as has been remarked, was ordered to co-operate with the attacking force, but being discovered before the force had reached its anticipated destination, she drew upon herself the concentrated fire of the rebels surrounding Batoche. The order taken upon her, however, was not destined to last long, and at the first sound of Middleton's guns, the enemy scrambled back to their rifle pits to be ready to oppose the newly arriving force.

The attack was commenced by the Gatling and the batteries. The first sheds were shelled and quickly emptied of the rebels. The houses were taken from the shells and burned. The whole force now advanced in the direction of the village, till the Gatling came to within a hundred yards of the church. Some priests opened the door and waved a handkerchief. Fifty rounds were poured into the school-house at a high elevation. No response was made. General Middleton rode up and found five priests and six men encamped in the church for safety against the Indians. The Quebec Battery was ordered up and commenced shelling the houses on both sides of the street. Women and children first, and the men afterwards, were seen running away. Suddenly a band of rebels rose from the ravine in our very faces and opened fire. The guns were ordered to be ordered to the rear. But Howard, the American who was handling it, gallantly held fast, pouring in shot and saving many lives, perhaps the guns as well. In the meantime, the 1st and 2nd of the Grenadiers advanced into the bush in the rear of the school-house and on the right centre, where we first felt the fire from the rebels' pits. A numerous force was made to turn our left flank by the rebels in the bush underneath the high river bank, and on the slope and by those across the stream. All were foiled by the Gatling, which did splendid work. The Martin Henry sharpshooters of the 90th, and some dismounted men of A Battery lay down and fired over the crest of the ridge. The Winnipeg Field Battery was drawn up in the rear of our right, and the 90th deployed to protect the right centre, which was threatened, and to support the left and left centre, where the heaviest firing occurred. The Gatling, having silenced the fire on the left of the ravine, was brought to the rear of the left centre, but fired only a little. We were soon surrounded by fire, and our skirmishers had to retreat slightly. The wounded had been placed in the church, but as it was in good range and the fire seemed threatening them, they were removed further to the rear, as were ammunition wagons, over which bullets constantly whistled. About noon, there was heavy firing from our left flank, and on the rear of the right flank, while the fire was constant on the left centre and the centre, which created the idea that we were being surrounded. But the Winnipeg Battery put four shells to the front with good effect, while the attack on the front was repelled, and seriously intended. On our left, the fire was very heavy, and another ravine and fired up so hotly that the scouts and a detachment of A Battery had to retire, leaving behind them one killed and two wounded. The fire from the school house, where half the Midland Battalion went into the ravine last mentioned, with a stretcher in charge of Dr. Cobb, of Winnipeg, to drag off Philippe's body. The firing was very hot, but no one was hit.

Capt. French bravely rescued Capt. one of his men, who had been wounded and left behind. Another man was killed and another wounded. Battalion to clear the *coulees* closed the day's fighting. The casualties were as follows:

Killed—Gunner Wm. Phillips, "A" Battery. Wounded—Gunner T. J. Stoot, "A" Battery. Killed—Driver Nap. Charpentier, "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Gunner I. Wober, "A" Battery, shot in the leg; Capt. Men, shot in the head, shot in the side; Gunner Fairbanks, "A" Battery, shot in the thigh; Cook, French's scout, shot in the leg; Curley Allen, of the scouts, shot in the head.

That night, in the corral, was one to be long remembered. The corral was a large one. All the troops of course, withdrew into it for the night. All round the edges were placed the wagons, the guns facing the enemy, with here and there a little earth thrown up, as a slight protection against the bullets. To the rear was a small shed, the only army shed they had, and over this was placed a guard. Near this, too, was pitched the tent, to accommodate the poor fellows who had been shot down during the day's encounter. Not a light was allowed. Even the solitary candle which dimly glimmered in the hospital tent, shedding its feeble light on the pale and ghastly faces of the suffering wounded men, was carefully shaded, so that not a single mark might exist for the ever watchful rebels. Even the General in command retired that night in a darkness dense. No one knew how close the enemy might not be; no one knew whether or not enemy, covered the stillness and darkness of the prairie night. No one knew whether he would see the next day's sun. The foe was in force, and they were determined. They had fought well all that day, undisturbed by the sun and only temporarily covered by the Gatling. The slow and orderly retreat of our men, covered though it was, and skilful and well by the fearless ranks of the hours, was closely followed with training and yoking Indians. Till far into the night bullets fell thickly in the very corral itself. Who might next be hit, whether one's self or one's comrade, was a matter for fate. An unknown feeling prevailed. Every now and again, a crash would come a ball against the protecting wagons. Whether the next would be with a true aim only Providence could tell. Some before lying down to match sleep as they could, wrote a few last words to those at home.

The next morning, a few little of the wind's soundings of that at the front. And word, indeed, those soundings were. No moon lit up the sleeping host. The dark and lifeless faces of the neighbouring night were a picture of protection. Behind them might there not lurk the bloodthirsty and relentless rebel? The silence, which fell like some ominous spectre upon the small army with a chilling and a wing, was broken here and there by the sharp and startling challenges of the wakeful sentry. Soon, however, sleep came to the tired warriors. They had fought hard. Since four that morning they had been on the alert. No luxurious food had nourished their weary frames. No comfortable meal had warmed them at the close of the long and anxious day. A few biscuits, perhaps, and a draught of water from the solitary pond was all that could be obtained. No cheerful fire by which to sit and talk of the future, and to expect that a successful account of the whole charge is a thing not easy to obtain.

It is natural, also, to expect that much difference of opinion should exist as to the parts played by the different corps engaged. That controversy has raged on this point in a factious manner, and the result has been a commander or one regiment, or others another. Some maintain that such and such a corps bore the brunt of the fight, others think this or that corps did most. It is not possible to form an opinion on this point, as the relative positions of the men were obtained by them purely by chance, and if certain companies found before them a greater number of rifle pits, or encountered a more obstinate resistance than others, the fact is not to be chosen as a peg upon which to hang either excessive laudation of their own bravery or disparaging comments on that of their less favoured comrades.

Let us here try to gain a clear idea of the respective positions held by the different corps engaged in the charge. Before detailing this, however, let us regard for a moment the feelings of the men who had, for three days, sat down before Batoche. That they were in high spirits could hardly be ascertained of them. No lasting impression had been made upon the enemy. Each day brought the same routine of duties: rining at dawn, some to instruct the camp, some to engage in useless, and seemingly needless, attacks upon the rifle-pits. Each morning a line of skirmishers advanced towards the corral and fired uneasily at the rebels. Each night the returned, sometimes hotly followed by the foe, to the cheerless, and by no means impenetrable, darkness. The same ground was gone over day after day; the same rebels in the same rifle-pits, were pelted at for hours, and no appreciable advantage was gained. To-day the church and school-house were still standing, and the rebels were lost. It was truly disheartening work. Each day, too, men fell and were carried away to the hospital tent, and there seemed to be no end to the suffering. And the day was so unsatisfactory as the days. From sunset to sunrise out there in the pitch darkness, with no sound to relieve the weird silence, except the pattering of the bullets. A responsible post was set. Alone, or almost alone, vigilantly to and fro marched the sentry. At any moment might there not a rush forward the whole rebel force? At any moment might there not a rush forward the whole rebel force? At any moment might there not a rush forward the whole rebel force? At any moment might there not a rush forward the whole rebel force?

vented from rushing off to join their fellows in the field. The case stood thus: Towards the close of evening some of the troops were in the corral, the remainder retiring for the night from the some of conflict. The men in the corral were called together to hear divine service. But as usually happened towards the time of sunset, the rebels, seeing the disadvantages under which our men suffered by the adverse rays of light, made it their custom to renew the attack with fury. The men in the corral were called together to hear divine service. But as usually happened towards the time of sunset, the rebels, seeing the disadvantages under which our men suffered by the adverse rays of light, made it their custom to renew the attack with fury. The men in the corral were called together to hear divine service. But as usually happened towards the time of sunset, the rebels, seeing the disadvantages under which our men suffered by the adverse rays of light, made it their custom to renew the attack with fury.

Monday followed with the same wearisome tactics that characterized Sunday; no advantage seemed to be gained, except that the 90th forced their advance as far as the church, and the Midland, under Colonel Williams, advanced far enough along the river bank to allow two guns of the Winnipeg Battery to throw a few shells into Batoche, a mile or so distant. Again the men lay down, and fought, being pelted at by the while and present, an open target for the rebels. The coolness and indifference of our men was most praiseworthy. Their self-restraint, under the unerring fire of the enemy, is the surest evidence of the true discipline in the men. Their one desire was to charge, and the word to charge would not come, so they did their duty as it was given them to do, but with a mental reservation at being made a target for bullets with no means of retaliation. Perhaps it was as well, for their true sublimity to the cause, affairs could the men into heroism, and when the moment came each man was possessed with the force of rage and revenge.

We come now to the famous and already historical charge—Tuesday's dash that won Batoche and crushed the enemy. Unfortunately, and to the credit of the commander, the day was so extremely hot, that the men were not able to obtain detailed and accurate information as one could wish. Each person consulted—and pains have been taken to consult many men of the different regiments and ranks, and now widely separated from each other in the line of advance—each person consulted has been able, to a great extent, to give a true and reliable account of the story of the movement. He has seen only that part that lay within the range of his own experience, and knows only indistinctly of what was done beyond that range. The distance traversed was long; the line far extended; the ground variable. Here was a steep bank that shut out of view all beyond it. There was a series of *coulees* and bluffs which completely obscured all who neared them. Every man, too, had quite enough to do in looking straight before him; so that it is nature to expect that a successful and accurate account of the whole charge is a thing not easy to obtain.

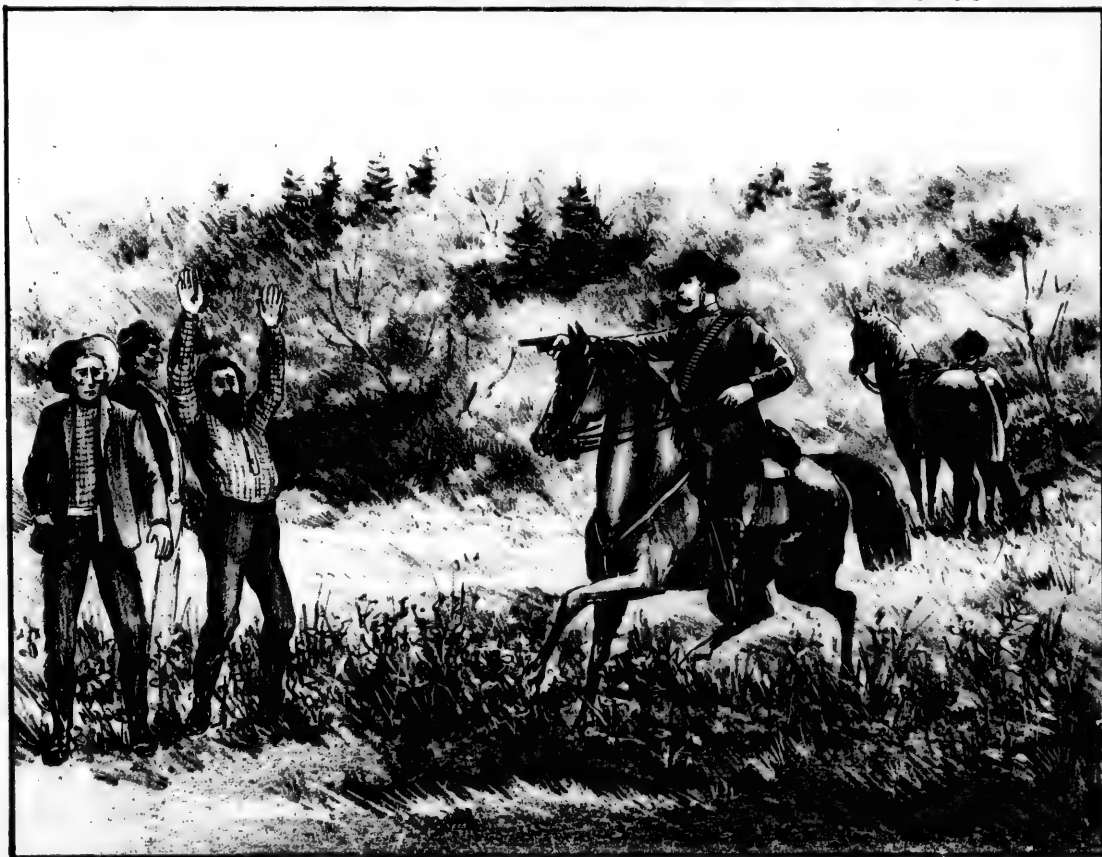
It is natural, also, to expect that much difference of opinion should exist as to the parts played by the different corps engaged. That controversy has raged on this point in a factious manner, and the result has been a commander or one regiment, or others another. Some maintain that such and such a corps bore the brunt of the fight, others think this or that corps did most. It is not possible to form an opinion on this point, as the relative positions of the men were obtained by them purely by chance, and if certain companies found before them a greater number of rifle pits, or encountered a more obstinate resistance than others, the fact is not to be chosen as a peg upon which to hang either excessive laudation of their own bravery or disparaging comments on that of their less favoured comrades.

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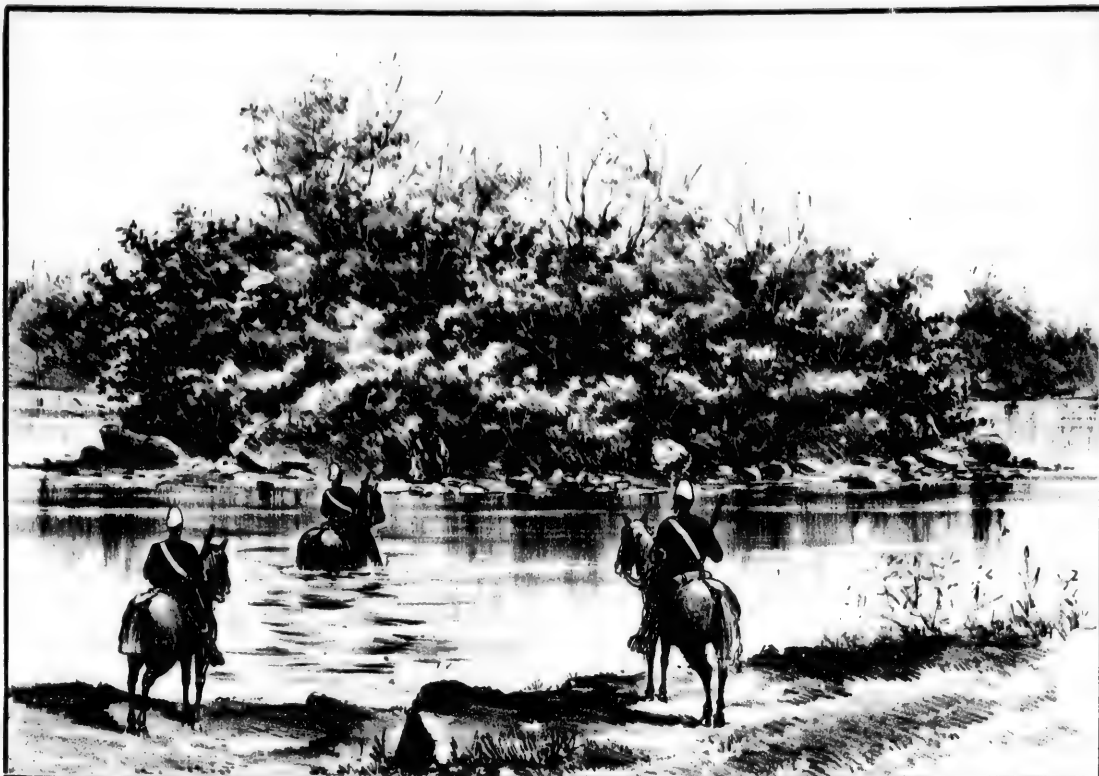
* E. J. O. in *The Montreal Star*



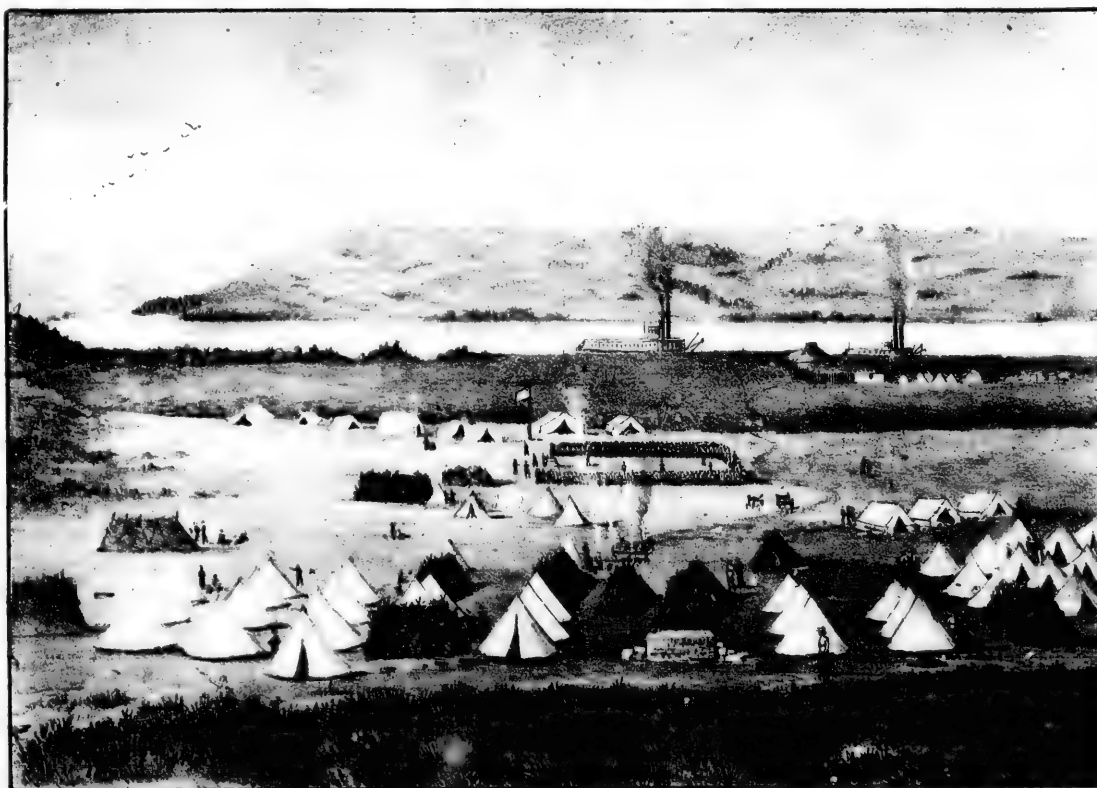
THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHE, MAY 8TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



CAPTURE OF LOUIS RIEL BY THE SCOUTS ARMSTRONG AND HOWIE, MAY 15TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



BIG BEAR SURRENDERING TO THE MOUNTED POLICE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SASKATCHEWAN. [See page 39.]



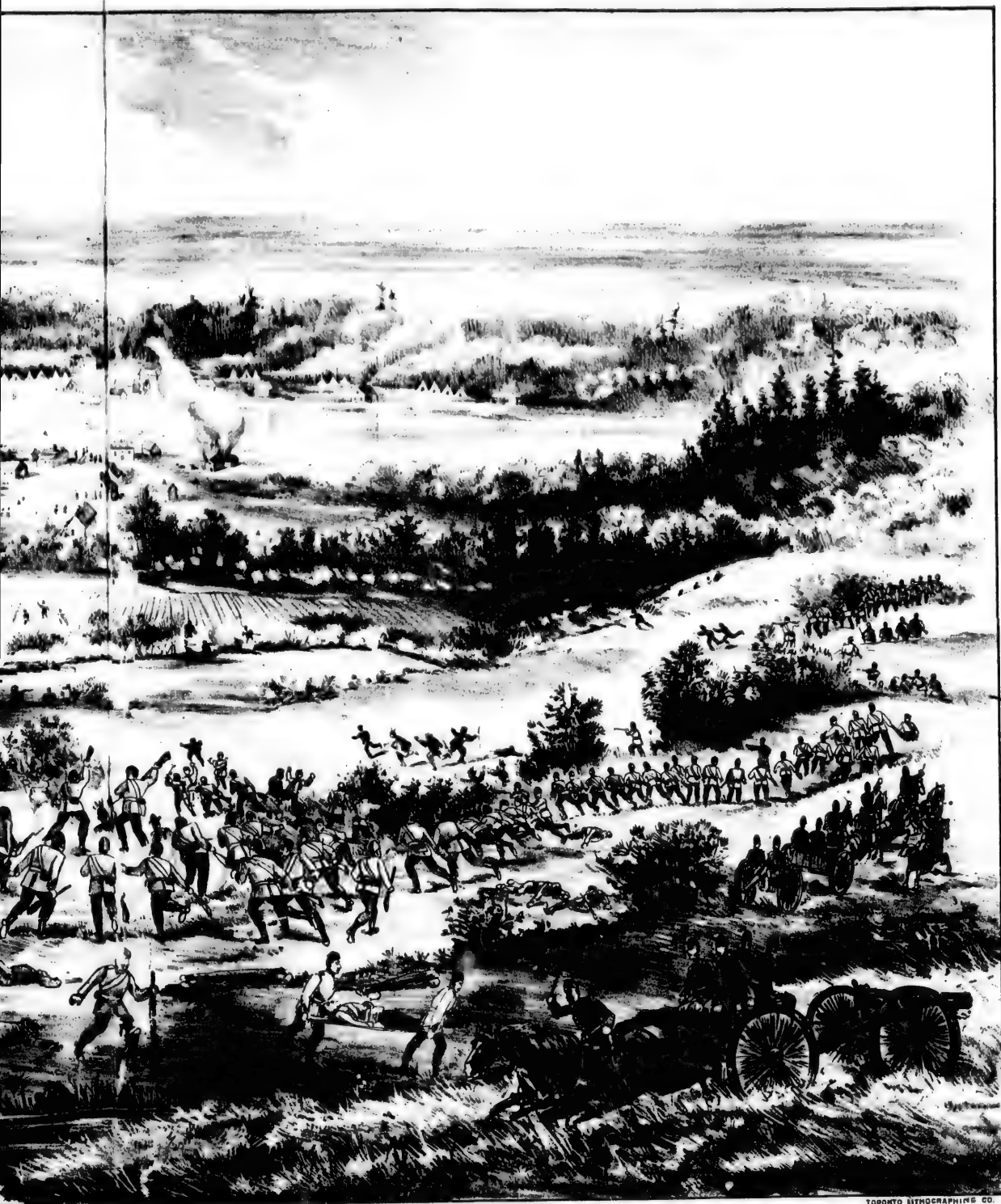
CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2ND, 1885. [See page 39.]
(From a sketch by Corporal E. C. Currie, 25th Company, 24th Battalion Royal Grenadiers.)

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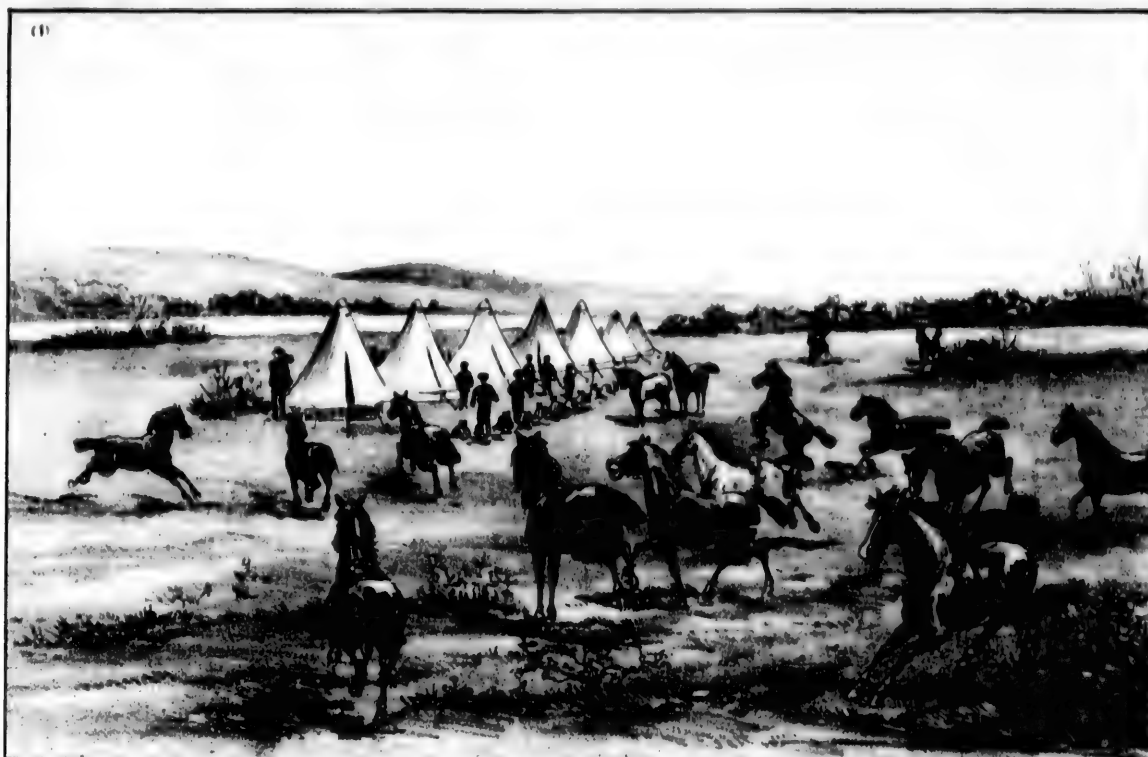
(From a topographical map by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. General Middleton's expedition; and personal information by members of



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ATURE OF BATOCHE. [See page 30.]

reynold's Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. W. Curran, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with
dition; and personal information by members of corps which participated.)



CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT. [See page 39.]

(From sketches by Mr. F. W. Ouseon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's Expedition.)

(1) MOUNTED POLICE HORSES RESPONDING TO THE "FEED AND WATER" CALL. (2) HORSE RACING—"GO AS YOU PLEASE."





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OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN COMPOSING THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE WHICH SUPPRESSED THE REBELLION OF 1885.

REFERENCES:—Killed in action * Died from wounds ** Wounded in action † Deserted ‡

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NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

HEADQUARTERS, REGINA.

[illegible][illegible]

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BURNETT.

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HOMBERG.

Stationed at Shoal Lake.—CON. G. NORRIS.

Stationed at Moosomin.—CON. J. N. BORTHOKE, G. H.
FRANK.

Stationed at Treaty.—CON. J. FARRELL.

Stationed at Humboldt.—CON. H. GUERNSEY, A.
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RUDD.

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SGT.-MAJ. W. A. DOUGLAS; Q.M.S., F. HARPER; HOSP.
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ADAMS, W. GRIMMER, A. CHATFIELD, W. COLEMAN, J. H.
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W. RYAN, R. R. STURIA, C. N. THOMAS, W. J. WOOD, O.
F. YARWOOD, J. M. ROBERTSON, A. WYNDALE,
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Stationed at Stand Off.—Con. C. Hilliard.
Stationed at Swift Current.—Cons. R. E. Tucker, T. G. Zerva.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Every effort has been made by the publishers to have the above lists as accurate and complete as possible, for which purpose they obtained permission, through the courtesy of the Hon. Sir Adolphe Caron, for their agent at Ottawa to examine the official pay lists of the various corps. In this way all of the above were procured, except the members of the staff, compiled from various sources; the members of the Mounted Rifles, kindly supplied the names of the mounted class; the members of the Department of the Interior; the list of the detachment of the Foot Guards, furnished specially by Major Todd; and the names of officers, and men of the Queen's Own Rifles and Midland Battalion, obtained from the columns of the *Globe*. The first pay lists of these latter were not available until after the war, and the application of our agent; and for a similar reason we regret that mention of the names of the members of the following units could not be omitted:—(1) The detachments of "A" Battery and "C" Company, serving with Gen. Middleton; (2) French's Scouts; (3) The 1st and 2nd Companies of the 1st and 2nd Mountain Rangers; (4) the St. Albert Volunteers; (5) Steele's Scouts; (7) The Prince Albert Scouts; (8) Boulton's Mounted Infantry.

OMISSIONS.—Following are the names of certain of the Medical Staff which were not received early enough for proper classification:—Dr. Roddick, deputy sgn.; Dr. Pelletier, asst. dep. sgn.; Dr. Sullivan, purveyor-gen. of hosp. stores; Sgn.-Maj. Douglas, V.C.; Dr. Bell, at Clarke's Crossing; Dr. Graveley, at Qu'Appelle; Dr. Willoughby, Dr. Wright, Sgn.-Maj. Casgrain, Dr. Powell, Mrs. Miller (chief nurse of the hospital at Saskatoon), and three Sisters of St. John.

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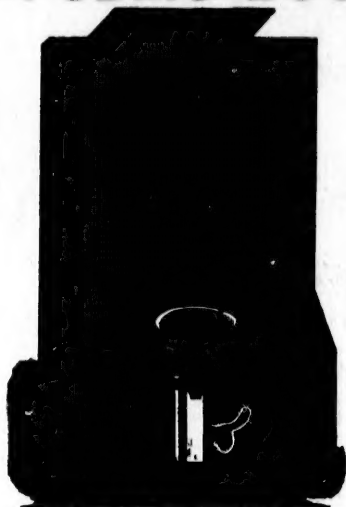
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